IT'S IN THE GENES

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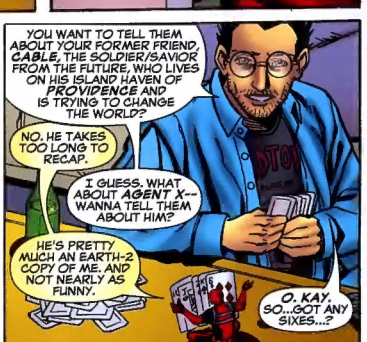
CRAPPY DEAL, WEAS.
WADE--WE'RE ON.
HUH?
LOOK--OUT THERE--THE READERS ARE HERE. SEE? FORTY-SIX OF THEM ARE WEARING MEMBERS ONLY JACKETS.
WHAT? OH--SORRY--AT THIS SIZE, PERSPECTIVE GETS HINKY.

FEEL THE LOVE.
UHM... I DO...?
YEAH. SO...I'VE BEEN TRYING TO RE-ESTABLISH MY KICK-BUTT REP AND WEASEL HERE THOUGHT IT WOULD HELP IF I KICKED BIG BUTT WITH VERY TINY FEET.
I SHRANK HIM USING PYM PARTICLES. -T'HEE-

MAN, THEY ALL LOOK OVERWEIGHT TO ME NOW! BUT I KNOW--BECAUSE NICOLE TOLD ME--THAT IS JUST AN UNFAIR STEREOTYPE.
SO...THE RECAP PAGE. I'M WADE WILSON, MERC WITH A MOUTH KNOWN AS DEADPOOL. THIS'S WEASEL, MY WEAPONS-MAKER BEST BUD.
HI, EVERYONE. NICE TO SEE YOU ALL.

'CEPT TURD-BRAINS RAN OUT OF PYM-GAS! SO I'M STUCK AT THIS SIZE!
WE'LL FIGURE SOMETHING OUT.
HE'S BEEN SAYING THAT FOR FIVE DAYS NOW.
WE WILL.
ON THE PLUS SIDE--ONE PIECE OF POPCORN--? A FULL MEAL.


YOU WANT TO TELL THEM ABOUT YOUR FORMER FRIEND, CABLE, THE SOLDIER/SAVIOR FROM THE FUTURE, WHO LIVES ON HIS ISLAND HAVEN OF PROVIDENCE AND IS TRYING TO CHANGE THE WORLD?
NO. HE TAKES TOO LONG TO RECAP.
I GUESS, WHAT ABOUT AGENT X--WANNA TELL THEM ABOUT HIM?
HE'S PRETTY MUCH AN EARTH-2 COPY OF ME. AND NOT NEARLY AS FUNNY.
O. KAY. SO...GOT ANY SIXES...?

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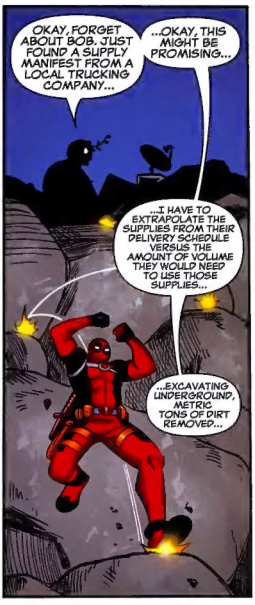
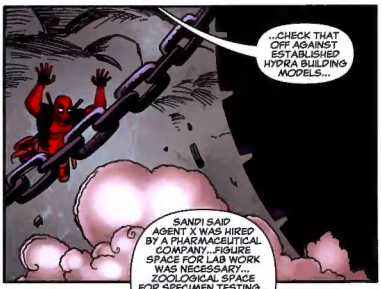
Journal of Alex Hayden--Agent X
The hollerin' hordes of evil terrorist organization, Hydra, descend upon me. Outnumbered ten to one. No--a hundred to one.
Infiltrating enemy bases easier for James Bond. Looks better in a tux. Hate him.
Mission assignment: retrieve experimental morphogenic actuator. Suggested buying one on late-night infomercial. No one laughed.
HE IS LIKE SILENT DEATH!
Hydra plans to cure diseases for highest bidder--or create diseases for same. My employer is at odds with this agenda.
Which means I have a job.
If only they could see crinkly yellow paper like I do.
Brain has a finger-dent from so much writing all the time.
Note to self: Buy brain keyboard.

SO, WHAT'S OUR BEST APPROACH?
TRYING TO HACK INTO SOME KIND OF SCHEMATIC--IT'S NOT LIKE HYDRA FILES BLUEPRINTS WITH THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT, YOU KNOW...
...HEY, LOOK AT THIS, SOMEONE'S GOT A BLOG...BOB, AGENT OF HYDRA...HE'S COMPLAINING ABOUT THE COMMISSARY FOOD...

...HE SIGNED UP BECAUSE HE THOUGHT HYDRA HAD A DENTAL PLAN.
WHAT AN IDIOT. EVERYONE KNOWS ONLY A.I.M. HAS COMPREHENSIVE HEALTH COVERAGE...


OKAY, FORGET ABOUT BOB. JUST FOUND A SUPPLY MANIFEST FROM A LOCAL TRUCKING COMPANY...
...OKAY, THIS MIGHT BE PROMISING...
...I HAVE TO EXTRAPOLATE THE SUPPLIES FROM THEIR DELIVERY SCHEDULE VERSUS THE AMOUNT OF VOLUME THEY WOULD NEED TO USE THOSE SUPPLIES...
...EXCAVATING UNDERGROUND, METRIC TONS OF DIRT REMOVED...


...CHECK THAT OFF AGAINST ESTABLISHED HYDRA BUILDING MODELS...

SANDI SAID AGENT X WAS HIRED BY A PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY...FIGURE SPACE FOR LAB WORK WAS NECESSARY... ZOOLOGICAL SPACE FOR SPECIMEN TESTING... TWO PALLETS OF PURINA MONKEY CHOW WERE BROUGHT IN...DOES HAYDEN EAT MONKEY CHOW...?
WADE--?

OH. THERE YOU ARE...

Mortal dread is the mother of invention.
Or at least the nurse's teat for incredibly aggressive driving.
Wilson is good. I know that because I am good. And he is me.
Well, he was me first, to be fair. But I am good, too. Or rather, I was good...
YEEE-HAAAA!
...before several pallets of these delectable faux-crème delights were placed before me.
I'M BACK, BABY, AND BETTER THAN EVER!
And also, surprisingly, Purina Monkey Chow: a crunchy treat.
Food as distraction, bad for mission-op.
But genetically, I now seek comfort for my own insecurities, anxieties and stresses. Food is my friend. No!
Look at Wilson! Virile hunk of mauling meat! Hold him as guiding example for what you can be again---since he is you.
Or what you were.

FWAPOOOM!
BOB PILOTING LESSON #1: OPEN DOORS BEFORE TAKING OFF. GOOD TO KNOW.
I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS...
AAAAH!
NO, BOB, YOU'RE DOING GREAT SO FAR. I THINK THAT'S LAND DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF YOU THERE--
--YEAH, PULL UP ON THAT WHEEL THING A BIT--YEAH, LIKE THAT--YEAH, WE WANT AIR IN FRONT OF US, I'M PRETTY SURE.
OKAY--LOOKIN' GOOD. KEEP IT UP, BOB. LOTS OF AIR, WATER BELOW IN A BIT, THEN LOTS AND LOTS OF WATER UNTIL YOU SEE THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.
HEY! PUT THOSE DELIGHTFUL GOLDEN SPONGE CAKES DOWN! PIG!
C'MON MAN, IF WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET THIS GENETIC ACTUATOR THING TO FIX YOU--
--THEN YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO START SHOWING SOME WILL-POWER!
WE'RE LUCKY THEY WERE ABLE TO USE IT ON YOU.
YOU KIDDING ME? NO WAY, JOSE. I WOULDN'T LET THEM.
THEN HOW DID YOU GET BACK TO NORMAL SIZE?
THEY HAD SOME PYM PARTICLES LYING AROUND. FIGURED THEY MUST. WHO DOESN'T, RIGHT?

DCP SCAN

KRYPTONIA & WEZZ